THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, (LATE OF WILLIAM AND SPENCE) ET. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872. TERMS, $1 PER ANNUM, $3 IN ADVANCE. NO. 31.

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SLEEP.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sleep! my little one, sleep!
Under the Tree-Star glimmer,
What of the world should waken and weep?
Sleep is the mystical key
That opens the wonderful door of dreams,
Where the Sandman comes from the hazy seas,
With his little one, sleep!

High over the whispering woods,
All in a golden glow,
The pearly rim of the young moon broods,
And under the roof-tree green and high
The west wind maketh a murmur low.
Sleep, my little one, sleep!

To the tune of an ancient lullaby—
Sleep, my little one, sleep!

Sleep is the sister of Death,
And Death is the long, still dream; I guess,
That sealeth the fountain of pain and breath,
And setteth the gates of life ajar,
Only a little way, for the weary ones.

The weary soul, like a wandering star,
Seeking the heavenly dawn, after
From earth and her earthly wretchedness.
Sleep, my little one, sleep!

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MARTYR," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOSE," "LOVE'S SEARCH," "THE MAID OF ARRAN," "SAM BUDDY'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI

MISS DALL'S COMMUNICATIONS.

The manner in which Miss Dall approached to the subject of her visit, and the comment Mrs. Hawley was elicited from, were in totally the manner of persons dominated by a single soul, but there was not the least trace of coolness or excitement about her.

She was in appearance so nearly that her appearance, on the occasion of this second call, presented a complete contrast with the appearance she had presented on the former occasion.

She was "like another woman," as the quick-eyed Jenny had mentioned.

"My call has been occasioned to you, Mrs. Hawley, I hear?" said Miss Dall, after the preliminaries of the interview had been gracefully rendered.

"Yes, Miss Dall, it has. Your friends have just left me—Mr. Wilber and Mr. Allen. Are you a friend of the gentlemen who have been here?"

"Perfectly, Mrs. Hawley, and I am glad to congratulate you upon the good news from your uncle, and upon the insight you have begun to receive in regard to Fedder's villainy."

"Begun to receive!" faltered Mrs. Hawley, with an involuntary flutter. "I do not know all of that man's wickedness yet."

"You have it nearly all to learn, Madam. The task will be forgotten by you before your life's letter is at more drop in the basket."

The lady's manner was as calm and almost pacific in its calmness. Her air had evidently schooled herself to the task she had undertaken. She had the severity of certainty, and the implacability of a duty. She knew the ground upon which she was treading.

"I—am prepared, of course, after what has happened," said Mrs. Hawley, "I am prepared to hear of other things to the disadvantage of Mr. Fedder. But I am not prepared for all that has been said and suggested. I am not prepared, Miss Dall, to communicate to me still other proofs of Fedder's wickedness and treachery."

The supposition is quite correct, Mrs. Hawley. I have come to you, this second time, with the intention of putting you fully in regard to the nature of this man's dealings with you."

A pin could have been heard to fall in the room, as Miss Dall settled herself still more firmly in her chair.

"I will begin with a question," resumed Miss Dall—"a bold, intrusive question, perhaps, but an honest one. Has this man made any impression upon your heart? In other terms, has he become anything to you?"

At the very thought of Fedder's becoming anything to her, Mrs. Hawley looked as if a thousand pins had been thrust simultaneously directly in her pale cheeks.

"Ah! I am answered," went on Miss Dall quickly. "That look of horror and loathing attests that. Fedder has not advanced a step in the path he has attempted to follow."

He has attempted something, then?" murmured Mrs. Hawley, half to herself. "He has been pursuing some scheme of his own, as I have suspected, some half horrible fortune of conquering?"

"He has, Mrs. Hawley, and I am glad to hear that you have had a faint suspicion and a glimmering of the fact. This man has not only been pursuing a scheme of his own, for many months past, but that scheme is of the most fiendish description. He has been using all these months to 'make himself useful,' as he has termed it, to those around you, for, you, to eventually secure you, you against, in the third time, and to crown his villainies with a climax by dragging you to the altar as an infamous ceremony of a marriage."

"And you, Miss Dall, have discovered the proofs not only of Fedder's action, but of the motives of his action?"

"As you are now to hear, Mrs. Hawley. Nor need you wonder that I have been trained to enlighten you in regard to these very vital matters. I have had a life, Mrs. Hawley, of cruel one—a score of trials, a life-trial in which we are all placed upon probation. The best and happiest life that was ever given to true mortal is, in many respects, a life of agony. Nay, after all, there is a great deal of trouble in everything around us, and even in all the darknesses by which we are afflicted. There is, after all, a merciful and beneficent Eye that watches over us, and a merciful and kind hand which only relieves us when we torment them. And my presence here to-day, Mrs. Hawley, is a living proof of these facts."

"I begin to feel so," acknowledged Mrs. Hawley. "I thank you for coming. Say on."

"I have not formed any definite plan as to how I shall say what I have to say to you," continued Miss Dall. "Perhaps we may as well begin at the beginning of your relations with Captain Fedder. He first met you at Saratoga, I am sorry, some three years ago, and it was safe to say that from that hour to this he has known but one single permanent thought—that of becoming your husband. Do you remember where and when he first proposed to you? It was the evening after the funeral of Mrs. Eldridge, your kind protectress and benefactress of so many years. Do you remember what you told him on that occasion? You declared to him that you would never promise to become any man's wife, that you loved that man supremely and forever. And it was in the face of this declaration that he made application as a means for his own personality in vain that he affirmed that he would be satisfied with having your respect and esteem, leaving affection to grow out of those calmer sentiments."

The gesture with which Mrs. Hawley interrupted these observations was expressive of the startled wonder her every feature announced.

"You speak as—as if you were present on the occasion," she said. "And yet you have never mentioned any of those matters to any one. Miss Dall, you are surprising me. I would be very greatly you are surprising me. I would like to know where you got your information."

"I got it from the lips of Captain Fedder and his sister," answered Miss Dall. "But I beg you to be pleased. After the death of Mrs. Eldridge, you became a lady's companion, and it was in that situation that you made the acquaintance of Mr. Hawley, who was then a boarder in the same house. Mr. Hawley's address in due form, you remember, when and where Fedder's second proposal of marriage was made? It was on the very evening after you received notice from Mrs. Molter that she did not require your further services."

"It was," assented Mrs. Hawley, staring at the young lady as if fascinated. "You know all these matters as well as I know my own name."

"I know them even better than you do, as you are now to learn," said Miss Dall. "You did not know at the time why Mrs. Molter discharged you, and you do not now know why it was, but I can tell you. Mrs. Molter discharged you because Captain Fedder declared to her that you were a bad character, and that the young gentleman wished to marry you. Mr. Hawley—was even more than yourself," Miss Dall corrected herself, hastily, "desirous to retain the latter."

"You can hardly credit a fact so monstrous," resumed Miss Dall, "but you will. I had not heard Fedder himself, night before last, recalling the circumstance and laughing over it, declaring it a 'good one,' and congratulating himself upon having 'got rid' of Mrs. Molter's services upon your refreshing ignorance."

"You begin to thoroughly shock me," said Mrs. Hawley, pale with her emotions. "It's my turn to be excited to-day, as I was saying to Mrs. Piper just before your entrance."

"Our positions are indeed reversed to-day. When I was here before, I was a prey to a cruel agitation—inspired by a most horrible, debased horrors which had been suggested to me by the diary which you had found, and the fourth or fifth Fedder sent a villain, a mere instrument, to destroy. That villain, Fedder was obliged to employ in the execution. The real cause of this villain is Tom Breeling. Fedder knew the checks drawn by the villain and took them to Fedder. Fedder forged your signature, Mrs. Hawley, and that of Mitchell & Co., and then gave the check back to Breeling, telling him to find some boy to present them at the bank. And so the scheme was carried out, Breeling's agents officiating between the checks, and eventually procuring the money for his own purposes."

"Miss Dall, you astound me!" Her last word seemed to these revelations in a stupor of amazement.

"I must say of these facts, as I have said of the others, that I have them from Fedder's own lips," continued Miss Dall. "Have you not heard that I now live in the possession of the Childers upon ten late voyage?"

"I have heard so," Mrs. Hawley was instantly produced from a table drawer.

"Ben your eye over that list," said Miss Dall, "and you will soon encounter the name of Mr. Breeling."

"Yes; here it is."

"This Mr. Breeling is the Tom Breeling I have mentioned—the villain who has had a hand in nearly all of the rascalities and infamies his employer has ever committed."

The couple were together, then, upon that fatal night," Mrs. Hawley said.

"A very natural question. One of the purposes of Fedder was to have Breeling start the water casks of the Childers at a given moment—to have the drinking water of the ship purposely, you know—"

"Spoil it?" Mrs. Hawley cried.

"So as to make an excuse for calling at the island of Desolation."

"Fedder had business at Desolation, then?"

"Fedder had business. He could not call openly and directly, and so he directed Breeling to do the thing for him, for the obtaining a necessary excuse for calling."

"But what was the nature of that secret business?" asked Mrs. Hawley, more and more excited.

"Why, he wished to decoy a man ashore upon the island, and here Breeling again came into use, for Breeling was well known before the victim, with orders to put on a very long disguise of some kind, and to await the victim from behind at the proper moment, and to—to—to do the rest. For whereas the assault was to be made, and by here Mr. Moody and the rest to suppose mistaken circumstances, and you—that the victim had tumbled over the cliff into the sea—"

"My God! what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Hawley, whose excitement was now almost a frenzy.

"Why, I mean that the victim was as dead as a door-nail the moment he struck the ground; but the object was to have it appear, in that the victim of Fedder and Breeling, and that all over the cliff, and did not fall, but was abandoned alone upon that horrible island-prison of 31° S. was in the act of receiving his sentence—abandoned after a protracted search for his body—and returning to the ship, and purposely by Captain Fedder and his officers."

Mrs. Hawley uttered such a cry of indignation and horror that Miss Dall, in the fervor and excitement of her own words, doubtless had—such was that Mrs. Hawley's several yards from her, becoming as pale as a corpse.

"And now calmness! calmness!" enjoined Miss Dall, with a potent authority of voice and manner, as she drew her slight figure commandingly erect. "You have borne the shock of having your husband murdered, and you must bear with equal courage the correspondent shock of learning that it was not your husband that had met his fate at Desolation, as has been reported, but that he was infamously abandoned there, and that he is in all probability, at this very day and hour still living."

CHAPTER XXII.

A COMPLETE ILLUMINATION.

The silence that succeeded the announcement of May Dall for the next minute was appalling.

Without a movement, without even a tremor, Mrs. Hawley sat bolt upright, her eyes staring vacantly at her visitress.

She seemed to have been turned to stone.

Miss Dall, herself, was spared the pain of any corresponding feeling, for she had anticipated when Mrs. Hawley learned that her husband was dead, but this expectation was doomed to a happy disappointment.

The minute that, in fact, there was a vast difference between the two announcements—a difference upon which Miss Dall had not sufficiently reflected.

For the positive announcement of death, and as such, and all the chill and depression with which it was invested, overwhelmed her.

But on the other announcement of no—of no—

The young wife and mother did not faint. She did not even lose her senses. She did not suffocate—or if so, it was a glorious suffering—a pain that took in at every sense of heart and brain the glad truth or probability, or distant possibility that it may be known that her husband was still in the land of the living.

And instantly the space we have named was could not move or speak.

Miss Dall, having given the facts as I have heard them from the lips of Fedder and his sister, "and from Miss Dall, with the shadow of a smile, as she saw how well the poor young wife was bearing the news.

"And you assert distinctly—"

"I assert distinctly that your husband was abandoned alive at Desolation."

"But why? To what end?"

"Why, to the end that Fedder might return to New York, long before his victim could possibly escape or be rescued, and you and win the pretended widow?"

"Great Heavens! is it possible that Fedder is such a fiend incarnate? He would have led me to the altar, if he could, with the knowledge that my husband is living?"

"That has all along been his purpose."

"Ah! I now understand the words with which you gave me such a shock a few moments since—the reference you made to the possibility of your accession of fortune. Your thought was that Fedder had been successful, I should have committed bigamy, and he would not have been in any way bound to me as a husband?"

"That was the thought underlying my strange expression, and such would have been the precise state of the case, in the event of Fedder's success in his villainy."

"And you say that there is a woman on the earth so utterly lost—so false and vile in soul as to become Fedder's accomplice? Can Miss Ruth Fedder, against whose character or reputation I have never heard the least word uttered—can she have joined her brother in this work of infamy?"

Joined him? The plot was invented and originated by Miss Fedder herself. It seems that the woman was an utterly brutish specimen of humanity, and that she had never for a thought of no other means of conduct than to accept the marriage as a finality, as the final end of all his hopes in regard to you. But the sister declared that she would never consent to your having Will Hawley. She said that she would dig a pit between you and your husband as wide as the ocean, and then she went on to elaborate the very scheme by which you have been so remorselessly carried into execution."

And the various steps of this scheme have been—"

"First, to pretend friendship, where the real sentiments of the couple were everything evil. Second, to give Mr. Hawley a place on the Childers, to absent him on a long voyage. Third, to have a very trusty villain on board the ship to report to Fedder every movement of your husband, and to have Fedder in a position to slip back to New York and marry you. Fifth, for Miss Fedder herself to call Dr. Bessington, under pretended medical advice, and so fly to the house of Mr. Harvey."

"And has Miss Fedder taken any such share in this plot?"

"She is its master-spirit. She has planned everything, and is directing everything."

"And she really intends to sail for Desolation, to be with all the latest?"

"She has given out. Scores of such rumors day in the Childers."

Mrs. Hawley remained nearly overcome by the announcement as by any other she had received.

Your revelations are taking a fearful consistency," she murmured, "and Fedder would not undertake so long a voyage without the knowledge at least that Will Hawley's husband is still living."

"Of course he would. Fedder feels as certain of Mr. Hawley's existence as she does of her own. She has taken care to be comfortable. Mr. Hawley will—Madison, and means to woo you in the character of a widow. He has not brother and desire have forgotten this task, the task of being a spy of your death."

"Of unity."

"Of your dear Mrs. Hawley. Here is the motive in question."

Miss Dall took a copy of the paper, and laid it out, in a long list of notices, under the head of "Deaths."

"HAWLEY.—On Tuesday, June 30, very suddenly, Mr. Hawley, aged 31 years, 6 months and 12 days. Hawley, infant of the late William Hawley, and Mrs. Hawley, of this city. The friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, on Thursday (Thursday) from her late residence, No. 1 Hawley Place, Brooklyn. Boston papers please copy."

Pointing the face of Mrs. Hawley was never whiter in the world than when she had finished reading this notice of her death.

"I can hardly realize that I am in possession of my senses," she murmured. "And Fedder has dared to print such a notice under the name of—"

"Under the name of Mitchell & Co. Notices are printed in the papers of this city every week, and Fedder has given the notices for another. You have never seen this announcement, then?"

"Never. If I had, it would have been certainly strange, for I am not a lover in some two days old. It's not too late to correct—"

"There must not be a single step taken for correction to interfere with the working of Fedder's plot," said Miss Dall, "and that he has taken a copy of this paper along with him, and it is very certain that he will use it Hawley, as a preliminary step toward her marriage."

"The horrible creature!"

"Fedder supposes that Fedder nor his sister have any idea of the step that he is about to take. He says that he has left no room for suspicion, and that he has left no room for suspicion, and that he has left no room for suspicion, and

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She will, of course, show the letter of advice to Mr. Hartley, when she has encountered him, and opportunely recovered her senses—

Mrs. Hawley uttered a moan that was made up equally of horror and of indignation.

"Oh, the wicked, wicked creature!" she cried. "Miss Dull," she exclaimed—"all those things constitute one of the most wicked and elaborate plots ever formed for the destruction of a wedded couple's happiness."

"And that is just what it is—one of the most fiendish plots ever formed," returned Miss Dull, with emphasis.

"But how have all these facts come to your knowledge, Miss Dull?" asked Mrs. Hawley, for the first time feeling at liberty to take part in the conversation.

"I will tell you. Do you remember how I came to live with Miss Pedder?"

"Yes. She advertised for a companion, I believe her home with her in the absence of her husband on a long voyage, and you answered the advertisement."

"I have accordingly had a room over Miss Pedder's back parlor for nearly a year past," said Miss Dull, "and very well satisfied I have got along with Miss Pedder, as with her whole family, for I have always made it a point of feeling indifferent to, and I must even do them both the justice of saying that they have extended to me a great deal of kindness."

"And that is why you were so deeply agitated as they thoughtlessly discussed the sad and murdered Mrs. Piper?"

"Very naturally. But since the return of Captain Pedder from his last voyage, some three weeks ago, I have noticed that he and his wife have had that can only be compared to the fits of temper that one reads of in novels. To me, of course, he has been invariably polite in the floor of my room, at the head of my bed. Here is a letter which was thrust under the pipe of a register—"

Mrs. Hawley and Mrs. Piper exchanged glances of comprehension.

"I completely lost the thing already," said the former. "This hole in the floor—"

"Is a register with an ill-fitting cover or board, and with the cat—covered in such a way that I can see and hear all that goes on in the room where the cat is going on in the room below."

Mrs. Piper even smiled at this juncture.

"And my accordingly overheard one remark that passed between the brother and sister," said Miss Hawley, "soon after the return of Pedder from his last voyage—some months ago, I think it was."

"I should say the first remark," Mrs. Piper here interposed, "for I have heard that Hartley's having failed, as well as that he is scarcely put it, upon the island of Desolation."

"Exactly," assented Miss Dull to Mrs. Piper.

"I not only listened further, but I have listened from that day to the. I hate eavesdropping—I do say other persons overhear me ever, and it would have been hard for me to have done otherwise than I have done in this case, but that insists in the floor of my room fills me with self-reproach and all trouble. I will not say, which was daily peculiar, that I have not obliged to fill my ears with cotton for anybody. If Pedder and his sister ever knew of that hole in the floor, the fact must have occurred to them before my time, for they are in the habit of seating themselves directly underneath it after nightfall, and there discuss their business affairs and plans with all the freedom of unbridled confidence."

"And such a fortunate circumstance for you, Mrs. Hawley, has been that hole in the floor!" cried Mrs. Piper.

"And especially the pair of good ears above it," said Mrs. Hawley, as she drew her chair to her hearth.

"So I say or two—and indeed until the last day or two—I have," replied Miss Dull. "I was in a state of mind bordering upon distraction. I had been deceived in my fellow-creature, but was not enough to face such a formidable certificate of Mr. Hawley's character as that which you have given me, therefore, ratching at the hope that my fears might be groundless, but the very exciting cause of all my fears were confirmed, and from the very lips of the villain himself."

"Mr. A constantly increasing interest in listening, what are the precious couple have plotting to do?" asked Mrs. Piper, who evidently had to say to each detail the substance of hours, confidences, and deliberations those repeated conversations.

"And poor me stepped at the house of the Pedders now, Miss Dull looked Mrs. Hawley.

"Mrs. Piper has not, however, been ten days ago, that I must lose up a new home, as she was going to Europe for about a year, and as it would not be proper for me to remain in the house after her husband's return, to avoid difficulty, however, in finding a home for myself, I was on the lookout for such a one. But neither by angling as I had a right to do, or by interest in the conversations to which I was thus a listener, I did not hear of one, and therefore, still day before yesterday.

"I will—I could have known what was going on in time to have listened to some of those conversations," said Mrs. Hawley regretfully.

"There is yet time for a measure of the kind," said Mrs. Piper.

"What shall we do, mean?"

"I mean that Tom Bessling will call upon Pedder to-night, at nine o'clock, to consult with him as to what further remains to be done, and how to do it," exclaimed Miss Dull. "This interview will take place in the back parlor, immediately under my room, in all probability, and if you care to listen to what is said, why, I have put the hole there for the next Friday, and here is something that will make you more at home in listening than to listen on behalf of strangers."

She held up the key in question as she spoke.

"Thank God," cried Mrs. Hawley, with a flush of resolution. "I will be there!"

(to be continued.)

QUOTED IN FULL.

You have doubtless heard the story of the Chinaman who, in making a new pair of shoes for a customer, wrote the order for it on paper for a pattern. Having no one to literally as to reproduce a stitched rent and other blemishes. But the indiscriminate way following was entirely thrown in the shade by the tailor of an old Scotch Liberal servant who had taken the job of the finishing stone work of a new church in Birmingham. The presiding clergyman of the parish was chairman of the building committee appointed to superintend the whole proceedings of a Holy Writ should be graven upon the memorial stone of the portal, over the main door. In accordance therewith the workman was directed to carve upon the stone the sentence—"My House shall be called the House of Prayer." The man acknowledged the receipt of the directions, and in order that he might make no mistake about it, he wrote a copy of what was wanted. Unfortunately, he was a Liberal in politics, and having a small pocket Testament with him took out his pencil and opening to the twenty-first chapter of Matthew, and pointed to the thirteenth verse, he said—

"There, my man, you have it just as we want it."

The workman took the book, and the clergyman went his way.

In due course the church was postponed a week to permit the finishing of the sculpture. It was done in time, and raised to its place, and the commencement of the service of dedication and his companions of the committee can be better imagined than described upon beholding how literally with a vengeance the workman had copied the text of Scripture. Commencing at the point designated by the clergyman, he had reproduced the whole verse, so that the stone bore upon its face the startling inscription—

"*My House shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it a Den of Thieves.*"

There was a further pause—moment of the dedicatory services, and in the end the lower half of the capstone was adorned with a network of chisellings and clippings not contemplated by the original plan.

C.

VIOLET'S STORY.

BY MARY EYLE DALLAS.

Violets lie hidden in mossy nooks, waiting for fond eyes to discover their sweetness. Perhaps Violet Mansfield was waiting for such a fate for their darling when they named her.

"Her eyes are not blue, but violet," said the young father.

And Violet is such a pretty name," said the young mother, looking fondly at her child.

And Violet was christened in the little village church, and grew up from a pretty baby into a beautiful child to be a precious joy for young girl, and sang in the choir so sweetly that strangers who came to the town and men nearly twisted their necks off as they sat in the front pews to get a look at the singer.

Violet, to the quiet Yankee village, came one summer Otis Barlow, who had trained with the best masters, and whose voice was a wonderous leader and a rare treasure; and going, for a rarity, to church, he heard the sweet voice leading the bewildered girl, and caught her, in true artist generosity and enthusiasm, all that could be taught to one such singer.

Little the good Yankee mother guessed what "the nice old German gentleman, who was so kind to Violet," was doing for her child; but Violet, artist at heart herself, quite understood.

That was a happy summer. Otis Barlow back upon is now with many tears. That fall a gentleman had come through the village, and the good mother and father, almost young people yet, were unwilling to let their only one willow in the church-yard. And the old home was a strange place to live in when Violet had gone home to the Fatherland, and there was no Violet to sing there.

Otis Barlow had in his heart resolved that he might think himself an unlikely object for the young German. Love's eyes are blind, upon her, and love's timidity.

But when the time for engagement drew to a close, and to her surprise, a new prospect for a position had arisen through the country manager who desired some one to sing Violet's parts, Otis Barlow, with a pale face and nervous, yet manly, determination, told her partners, bitter tears raised down upon her face, that he had gone home to the Fatherland, and there was no Violet to sing there. He was not earning her bread as a chorus singer in an opera company, and nothing in the world but an old humiliation.

She knew no one. The girls and women shocked her by their boldness within the first hour she was shy. They were not a bit like the members of the choir at home. Even the mother men she had ever met. The manager was brave, but he was a thorough man of business; and a mild-looking lame gentleman, who was the conductor, was kind to her, but timid. He was a German, and, as he passed him, which seemed to comfort her. He was not a man to make love to a young woman, though evidently not a rich one. And there was another man in the company, a tall, worn velvet handle which awakened her curiosity and interest. He was a handsome man and smile, as she answered, more gentle than he knew.

The opera was over one night, in the frosty month of January, and Violet was going to her own home in a carriage with the manager. The woman had been sadly whisked away by excitement, and the manager, who had been cross or had gone home strong to members, looked very handsome. He had a fine figure, with her black silk dress, and quiet shawl and hood, pressed on her head, and her face, with her eyes, and waited for a band of jolly singers to pass. Violet was unconscious that the manager was looking at her beautiful quarter of an hour, through which the carriage had to wait and chafe with impatience.

Her little feet, venturing forth at last, pattered over the pavement to the carriage, and she was more nervous than usual, and this time easily accounted for. Violet stepped into the corner of the dusky street in which her self-possession, and the manager followed her. He was a handsome man, and he looked handsomer than ever as he stood in the carriage door, and the manager, who

IN THE MIST.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding wings,
Soon enough mount yonder's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

First and last the children's hearts are gay,
That the restless feet self can;
Soon enough will they learn to say sadly,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of children's feet.

When you hear the tempestuous sweet
That sounded through each room,
Of "darling," "mother," the deep love calls
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their sadness gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The children's voices call,
The tuneful whistle, the clear shrill shout,
The busy bustling in and out,
And the pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to that beautiful golden shore
Where the angels welcome them more and more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding wings,
Soon enough mount yonder's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

A BONE of CONTENTION

OR

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HARPER MYSTERY," "THE RULING PASSION," "THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER," "THE OLD LION'S SECRET," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RAVENEL AND HIS GODMOTHER.

Lord Waldemar proceeded from Lady Thaxter's residence to the club, where he met and for distant, both being in Park Lane, in a strange, by-the-world mood. His lordship's porter removed his lordship's greatcoat, and took possession of his hat and cane, while the gentleman sauntered into the billiard-room, leaving word.

Miss Floyd, in a Parisian toilet, and her sister, ing trifling, was seated near one of the windows, idly turning over the pages of a fashion journal. Mrs. Watchley was already placed near the fire, and was busy with the construction of a very gay bonnet upon can was with Berlin wools.

"Is that Lord Waldemar?" cried Miss Floyd, with more animation and interest than she hitherto dull been. Have you called upon the Marchioness of Rockbridge? Will she come to see me to-day?"

"The Marchioness is ill, Hilda," replied his lordship, with a singular sense of repulsion as he looked upon the fair, deceitful face of his acknowledged granddaughter and reasserted. "She will not be able to receive visitors for some days. That which haunted him like the memory of a dream, was the look and action indicative of reluctance, and must go to Nice for her health as soon as she can bear the journey. She cannot introduce you to Rockbridge."

Miss Floyd uttered an exclamation of impatience, vexation and disgust.

"It is too bad," she exclaimed, with tears of disappointment in her eyes; "I am sure that these women were very convinced, especially if you desired me not to enter society this winter. I dare say that it was a manifest plan between you two to frustrate my wishes."

"Hilda!"

Lord Waldemar's stern voice rang through the room, and he arose and drew himself up to his full height, as he gazed upon the angry girl.

"Hilda," cried Mrs. Watchley, trembling with terror, "oh, don't, my dear! You must not speak in that way to his lordship. Don't you know what makes you headed to your dear grandpapa."

Miss Floyd, among all her lessons and with all the careful training and tutelage she had received, had never learned to control her temper when smarting under a sense of disappointment or wrong. She had been taught whose interest of her interests lay, and she turned upon her companion, saying bluntly:

"You forget your place, Mrs. Watchley. Do you tell me what I should do, or what I were not for grandpapa, I should discharge you, or at least compel you to take your place among the upper servants. As it is, you will please remember that I am a lady, and you will find that your situation is changed."

Mrs. Watchley, in an agony of fear lest the betrayal of Miss Floyd's character should disgust the Baron, vainly tried to check the young lady. Failing so utterly, she burst in to tears.

Lord Waldemar, well as he had read Miss Floyd, was astonished at this scene. An old man's passion long lapsed from his control, and that came upon his stern, bronzed face as an expression of malice which even Hilda Floyd's nature shrank.

"Hilda!" he exclaimed, "I am astonished. I know you were deceived and misled, or you but I did not believe you so utterly cruel and heartless. Mr. Watchley, whom you have treated as a dependent servant, is a lady and my friend. She has been a mother to you and has come into her home. She has had no relative in all the world to defend and protect you. And did not know of your existence, she cherished and nurtured and loved you. She adopted you as a lady, and you, in that in her divinity of you she has repelled you. And how you repay her! Look upon her you. Know, Miss Floyd, that Mrs. Watchley is my wife, married to me in my own name, and that I cannot descend to deception from her away. I desire to accuse in your heart some spark of goodness for and gratitude to her. I expect you to apologize to her."

"I will not do that!" cried Miss Floyd, flinging back her head. "Mrs. Watchley has been my friend, and I will not desert her in my life, and I never trouble myself to apologize to her. As to her goodness to me, I haven't words and her for it! She has been principal and interest for every penny she ever received upon me. I never cared for her affection. She's too far beneath me to cause her affection to be of any value to me. She gave me a home, but she has got a better one by it, and I owe her no kindness to me when I say that as disinterested as you seem to think grandpapa. She never let me inside it pay pretty well."

Lord Waldemar's face flushed.

"Hilda," he exclaimed, "I am ashamed of you! If you will not apologize for yourself, I will apologize for you. Mrs. Watchley, you know this wayward girl far better than I do, and I have only to learned to bear with her. I beg you to exercise her conduct on this occasion. I am personally insulted, and can not speak at she says."

The young lady's lip curled. In her unreasoning anger of anger, she lost sight of prudence and self-interest even.

"I do mean what I say," she said, frowning. "Permit me to utter my real sentiments, and not to be misrepresented. I am ashamed of Mrs. Watchley, and you know it, I think. I like Mrs. Watchley, and I won't have her bossy me on me, and say anything. Don't interrupt me, lady. I'm sick of her, and if I ever get into power I'll see that I put one hour in a which to get out of my house."

"Miss Floyd!" cried Mrs. Watchley, in an overwhelming and unbearable agony, "implore you not to say more. Control yourself. Control your tongue. I beseech you. I would rather go away than to hear you talk like this."

Lord Waldemar had entertained the opinion that his acknowledged granddaughter was well bred. That belief was now seen to be a mere failure, for Miss Floyd turned her back abruptly upon her pleading companion, and throwing her own dainty fingers upon a Venetian mosaic table, began to bum in the most unmusical manner the air of a popular opera.

Lord Waldemar was silent and scrutinized, for one moment from sheer amazement. Then he rose up, frowning fire above his brow, and raining down upon her the angry lightnings of his eye.

"This is the first low-bred and vulgar, spoiled Floyd I ever looked upon, he said slowly. "I begin to think, Mrs. Watchley, that you have been a fool to waste your time and thus descended Le Loyes to die in her childhood. Strange that all your years of care should have resulted in the shaping of a creature like this."

With a bitter sigh smile at the young lady, he turned and left the room.

"O Hilda!" burst forth Mrs. Watchley, when she found herself alone with her charge, "how could you? How could you? Oh, dear! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are able to Lord Waldemar, and have won his love. I forgive you from myself—"

"Do stop!" frowned Miss Floyd. "It's drunk, grand-motherish. I am angry enough to provoke me as you do. If I am ruined, it's all your fault. But I'm not ruined. Grandpapa can't set me adrift as he did papa, because I'm a girl. He can't cut off the entail of his estate. He can't alter the fact that I am most favorably accused him. I do hope he won't keep me waiting very long. I'm sixty-eight years old now, and he ought not to live many years. Although I'm not to take and vigorous that I sometimes feel he'll live to be a hundred. When he dies, I become my own mistress, then, ah, then! Mrs. Watchley, I'll be a queen, and you shall be likes me to be, "all have to provide for me on his heiress. Like his money, although I hate him."

Lord Waldemar had hurried along the hall toward his private room, but remembering that he had not mentioned Lady Thaxter to Miss Floyd, he turned back to repeat the remark. It happened that the door of the drawing-room was open, and he heard the latter, Miss Floyd was beginning her reply to Mrs. Watchley. Spellbound by the words that followed, he stood motionless, as if he had been turned to stone.

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"I am your cousin, my dear," said Lady Thaxter, delighting in the pearly complexion and unmistakable sentiments of Miss Floyd, and in the beauty of her face and form. "I am your cousin, and I hope to be your friend. Gilbert—that is a cousin a second time removed from you. I am very relative on your grandmamma's side, as Lord Waldemar may have explained to you. I cannot claim in your face any resemblance to the Floyd race, but I am proud of your grandmother, the noble, unselfish Le Loyes, to die in her childhood. Strange that all your years of care should have resulted in the shaping of a creature like this."

With a bitter sigh smile at the young lady, he turned and left the room.

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NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

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Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Capital Punishment—An Interesting Discussion.

The same difference of opinion which has long existed on this interesting and important subject still continues. A recent debate in the British Parliament was on the expediency of abolishing the penalty of death altogether, elicited many pertinent statistical facts, and brought in collision some of the ablest of English statesmen; but the final vote showed a decided and large preponderance of opinion in favor of retaining capital punishment on the statute book.

The following are some among the most striking facts elicited in the course of the discussion:

Mr. HOPE, the Home Secretary, who virtually controls the granting of pardons after conviction of a capital offense, said that every Home Secretary took it upon himself, rather than one instance, to differ from the Judges, and act upon his own opinion, in reconciling to the Crown the modification of sentence.

Among the writers cited in opposition to capital punishment were JEREMY BENTHAM, JOHN STUART, the Duke of ARGYLL and LORD ROMILLY.

A majority of Judges are in favor of capital punishment, but they are not unanimous, and are constantly met with cases in which the jury has no better opportunity of forming an opinion on the question of capital punishment than any other man. Judges have uniformly resisted all attempts to lessen the punishment of murder. Even when Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY proposed to abolish the punishment of death for stealing sheep, the Judges, with the exception of Judge BULLER, were unanimous in opposition. Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Lord ERSKINE declared that it was not safe to abolish capital punishment even for that trifling offense.

It is asserted that there were formerly 160 offenses for which people were hanged, but and that now there remained only one; but this last statement must be incorrect, as treason, murder, and several other offenses are still punishable with death.

Henry VIII. hanged 5,000 persons for robbery alone.

Queen Elizabeth executed 300 criminals a year.

Public executions have been found to be most pernicious in their effects. Executions are punished and almost invariably attended by contemptible tumults. Out of 167 considered executions, 164 had seen persons hung.

In Belgium there are instances where perpetual imprisonment has been inflicted without injury to the health or reason of the convict; and one of the American delegates at the recent International Prison Congress, stated that the most cheerful prisoner he had in all Pennsylvania, was a man who had been confined there twelve years.

Several speakers dwelt upon the point that the feeling of abhorrence, so long felt by mirrors, against being instrumental in inflicting the punishment of death, renders it very difficult, frequently, to obtain convictions, even where the evidence is clear. Sir G. LEWIS even stated that within forty-eight hours he himself had prosecuted a man about whose conviction, but for the penalty, no doubt, he felt certain, but who, in consequence of the state of the law, had been acquitted.

The Attorney-General of Ireland was opposed to any change in the law. Lord ROMILLY, Attorney-General of England concluded a short speech with the remark that he held the strongest opinion that in the worst cases it would not be wise to do away with the punishment of death.

When the vote came to be taken, it stood only fifty-four against eighty-three, and only one hundred and sixty-seven in favor of it; being a majority of one against the abolition in favor of retaining it on the statute book.

United they were in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.

The following paragraph is from the Hudson *Advertiser*:

A singular news comes from Malta. 10, of the extreme phenomena death of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mong, formerly of this village. They were both attacked with typhoid fever on the same day, about two weeks ago, and after a severe and painful illness of seven days' duration, they died on the same day—Mrs. Mong at 10 and her husband at 11 A.M. Mr. Mong and his wife were born and reared in Kinderhook, and nearly all their married years were passed near living in this village.

In an old graveyard at Rutland, Vermont, there is a tombstone erected over the remains of an aged couple who were married on the same day, and, being husband and wife, of course they were married on the same day, and their both died on the same day.

We look upon this last as a fortunate coincidence. As the husband must needs die, we esteem it a kindness if it come to man and wife—especially when both have lived to be old—on the same time.

Death from Eating Green Apples.

[From the Hudson (N. Y.) Star.]

A young man named Robinson, a former resident of New York, who has been in this city for some time past, sat some green apples Saturday last, and was seized with an attack of cholera morbus, which resulted in his death yesterday. This should prove a terrible warning to all persons not to eat green apples.

A Wise Act of Gov. Hoffman—Insane Asylums to be Investigated.

We are glad to see that a reconsideration has since urgently made in the *Ledger*—that a commission should be appointed to examine into the condition of the lunatic asylums of this State—has at length been acted upon by Gov. HOFFMAN. He has appointed the Attorney-General, Dr. ANDERSON, President of the Rochester University—and one of the twelve presidents of colleges who contributed a series of original articles to our columns—and Dr. THOMAS HUN of Albany, a commission to investigate all charges that may be laid before them against any asylum in the State, whether under public or private management, and to visit and inspect the several asylums, with or without charges being made against them, with a view to discovering abuses wherever they exist, and has requested them to report the result of their inquiries as soon as possible.

We heartily commend Gov. HOFFMAN for his action in this matter. Sufficient facts have come under our own observation to satisfy us that there are many cases of confinement in the lunatic asylums, opposed by law in every Justice of the Peace, without any proper evidence than the mere certificate of two physicians, that have been greatly abused. Any person, we have every reason to believe, has it in his power to have any other person, for a term under the supposed necessary committing some ulterior object, such as the prevention of a marriage, or, more frequently, the conquest or distribution of property.

It is high time that the whole subject should be officially investigated, and we hope Gov. HOFFMAN's Commission will discharge their high duty fearlessly, and in the most thorough and searching manner.

War and its Swindles—Punishment of Dishonest Contractors.

We have all fallen somewhat into the habit, of late, of looking with a feeling at least bordering on contempt, upon the empire we represent, nominally, the republic—of France. But in some respects, and in a way well acknowledged, France is ahead of the United States. To a certain class of offenders she administers justice with a much stronger hand. We refer to the detestable scoundrels during war, are willing to speculate even upon the flesh and blood—the lives—of their countrymen. These are the dishonest contractors who defraud at once the government and the soldiers to whom they furnish food or clothing. To make their own existence easy and pampered, they sacrifice the lives of those in the hope of which the soldiers out of their

WIN.

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

Be brave to the end, and you will win. - - The only true courage is the courage which is founded on confidence, said to commpagnolas.—N. Y. Ledger.

There's a cheiden most massive,
Iron-clowned and diamond set,
Which the bravest of the brave is
Never has been conquered yet;
There may be some wearing failures,
But for battle still is fame;
Triumph must reward the owner—
Courage is his mighty name.

He has trod the tallest mountains;
He has sailed the roughest sea;
On the World's undiscovered regions
Spread his broad Flag to the breeze.
Subjects often have assailed it,
But it never has been furled,
And the Royal Arms that hide in
Its regal patent to the world.

Have you enemies open, secret,
Foes in the grandest crowd?
Would they use the treacherous dagger,
Or in front hurl deadly flames?
O, no matter! keep right onward—
Courage is the battle-word.
And you'll stand in security,
Crown on brow and foes overthrown.

Nor is bravery needed only
In the fury of such strife;
It must be to us sustainer
Through the inner walk of life.
Have you sorrow? Have you trouble?
Would we still see you the same?
Then, with trust on Heaven unbroken,
Hug that Courage in the heart.

Thus we will have angel cheiss,
Yes, whatever sorrow falls,
And he never quailing make us
In the battle-fields of life.
In this Courage, sacred to us,
Is the Giant on Battle's sea;
Pointing on to every actions
Real Affairs unto God.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PIERCE,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XXV.

OF THE RUSSIANS.

Leon sure himself confronted by a tall, lean, dark and intelligent looking man, whose long and sunken cheeks his features bore little fulness and terrible, and whose large bull-like skull was covered by a close-fitting wig.

The reader recognizes Sancho Perez in this lord-protector—Sancho Perez in his character of Joseph.

Perez set before him a tall and handsome young man, elegantly clad, well formed and athletic, erect and calm, with a face of noble and serene expression of pride and courage. Both men were masters of themselves, both courage and duplicity. But the latter was vain that of the assassin who does not fear to kill in the dark.

Perez, in he sprang to his feet, had drawn the keen knife which he wore in his belt, and stealth fixed to the butt that girdled his coarse trowsers at the waist; but he remained motionless as he saw the eyes of the young man steadily fixed upon him, and the bright, unarmed.

"Diables!" thought Perez, not at all pleased with his situation, "this is no near dimilo as I have ever been! A mistake on my part, and five yourneys will find us at the end of a dog. Caramba!" and a cold sweat began to ooze out upon the dyed skin of the disguised Spaniard.

But let us explain how it was that Perez chanced to be thus surprised by Leon de Vargas, before we narrate what passed between them.

Don Sebastian and his three companions Juan, Perez and old Juan, after their escape from the sea, were put ashore by the captain of the vessel which had conveyed them. This vessel continued on its way to New Orleans, and the fugitives, after a long walk through the Indian woods, came to the west bank of the Mississippi a few miles below the city, a place not far from where Jackson defeated Packenham nineteen years later.

A few days after this landing, the party took possession of a deserted hut, or log-house, in the swamp in the rear of the city, and at a distance of about five miles from the Catholic Mission. During the same period Juan rented a small house in the outskirts of the city, on the road that leads to the Bayou Ville Bonnet, and near the river. Juan also purchased a large gay pole, strong and fleet, and after Perez and Juan, who were very familiar with the localities, had shown to Don Sebastian and the two others the best to and fro between the house in the city and the log hut in the woods, a new life began, suddenly claimed the notice of the blacks, not only of the hut but also of the neighboring plantations.

This new Voodoo doctor called himself Afrante Sepion, and was known to all, especially in the swamps, though he had a kind of office in the house kept by Juan.

Juan no longer went by the name of Juan, nor appeared in the character of a servant, but was known in New Orleans only as an octoroon planter, and by the name of Baptiste Pere Dominique. Nothing of his former life was known to any one except to Don Sebastian and Juan himself.

Don Sebastian as Don Sebastian was never seen in New Orleans. Don Sebastian had become Afrante Sepion, the Voodoo doctor, as soon as he learned that a negro insurrection of acts was still the slave of Madame Varville.

The latter was made known to Don Sebastian by Perez, who obtained the information from the slaves of Madame Varville, who in his docile bondage to Pere Dominique, or at least as the servant of Pere Dominique, Perez, seated at the door of his house in the city and sometimes at the hut in the swamp, had soon discovered that it was the desire of Don Sebastian and Juan to see the negress Mercita, and to question her upon some matter which constituted a mystery to him.

Perez, Don Sebastian and Juan had no suspicion that Perez understood Russian, and that the negress Mercita, who was the object of his presence, had used language in the name of the person whom they always designated as "The Czar," "The Living Czar," "The Czar-drow," or as "The Czar;" but he had found that they referred the negress Mercita had been belonged to that person, and that Mercita always was able to give them information by which they could find that person. He also discovered that the negress Mercita might remain useful to the purposes which they imagined she had under their control, and that she still might be in the power of "The Czar," or, as they sometimes designated that person, "Isadora Raymundo."

Perez had also discovered that Don Sebastian and Juan were both Russian subjects, and that Don Sebastian was of higher rank than Juan.

Perez had made a few more discoveries—his most important was that Don Sebastian had learned that it was the purpose of the Russians to destroy "The Cross;" that "The Cross" was a living woman and her child; that the child of the woman was not to be destroyed if it was a girl, but certainly to be destroyed if a male; that the age of "The Cross" was about thirty-two or three years, and the age of her child, if living, was about seven years; that "The Cross" had been concerning partly as the agents of Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia, and partly from motives of self-interest and personal feeling; and that they had no doubt that "the Cross" would have no anger to find only to destroy, was the young woman whom old Juan had seen taken from the stand of Paul Sunboski—that is, the Angelique of Sancho Perez

THE PRETENDED VOODOO PRIEST SURPRISED BY LEON DE VARGAS.

Therefore, if the suspicions of the two disguised Russian nobles were correct, "The Cross" was that "Isadora Raymundo," whom Perez hated, and that "Angelique" whom Perez loved.

All this rather incoherent knowledge came to Perez through such scraps of private conversation as Don Sebastian and Juan, he had been overheard by the slaves.

But though Perez soon learned from negress that a negress named Mercita belonged to Madame Varville, and that she had been purchased by that lady either during or after the war, and though he and the two Russians had no doubt that she was the negress Mercita sold by Sancho Perez to Madame Varville, he failed to see her.

The servants of Madame Varville did not dare to permit a Voodoo doctor to put foot upon her premises. Her animosity toward all Voodoo doctors and priests was well known, and only when she was believed to be dead or dying, did any one dare to admit a Voodoo doctor into the mansion.

Mercita was never known to leave the mansion alone, so far as the servants of the house knew, and therefore, on the first Sunday or day of her captivity in it as the house keeper of Madame Varville; at least they could not say that she had left the house, except in the company of her mistress, to whom, they said, she had also returned. She had not died.

It was before Perez learned this strict seclusion of Mercita, and immediately after he had informed Don Sebastian that a negress named Mercita was still the slave of Madame Varville, when Don Sebastian began his movements under the name of Afrante Sepion, and as a Voodoo doctor.

As Mercita did not leave the mansion, and as strange persons were never admitted into it, the two Russians perceived, if possible, to take her thence by stealth. But this design was soon abandoned, for they had also discovered from their conversation, they decided that the project was only to be thought of as a last resort.

They would have contrived to kidnap Mercita had she strayed abroad. But this she did not do; and yet they deemed that it was impertinent necessary that she should be when

Perez, it was told to the Empress that the Princess and her friend, known to the reader as Paul Sunboski, had perished in the flames which consumed the cottage of the latter in San Domingo.

The reader will remember that the burning of the cottage was the work of the negress Mercita, to the intent, when alluded to by the pretended Sunboski, to mislead the Empress of Russia.

But when not quite twelve years had passed, the supposed death of Sunboski and the fugitive princess at San Domingo, was known to the Empress by a message in cipher recently returned to St. Petersburg from the city of Mexico, and which was sent to the Empress by the Russian minister in Mexico. The Mexican letter was from in his secret service, or in the character of a messenger, Paul Sunboski.

Nothing but the very real and the second fears of the Empress; and soon after, the two Russian nobles whom we have described—Don Sebastian and Ivan, arrived in Havana, and Don Sebastian, as we have stated, soon found out the escaped convict Perez in Cuba.

The object of the Russians, as known to the old czar of Russia Peter, in the purchaser's shop, was the first one obtained by Perez, and the second by Perez, in the second search for Sunboski and the fugitive Princess. They were sent by the Empress, by the writing, which they recognized as such, as that of the Empress, and by what they learned in Havana, that the Princess and Sunboski, the supposed victims of the Empress's cottage was burned; and that she had not perished in the flames with her child.

It was impossible for them to suspect that Perez knew anything of the matter, for he knew, "Isadora Raymundo" and the negress Mercita, and that Perez knew of the transaction between "Isadora Raymundo" and the negress Mercita at the time of the transaction between "Isadora Raymundo" and the negress Mercita at the time of the transaction between "Isadora Raymundo" and the negress Mercita at the time

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

with the face downward. Therefore his eye first fell upon the back of gold, and for a moment fretted there, attracted by the emerald.

A Saint Andrew's Cross, formed of small diamonds and set in gold in the form of a locket back, was encircled by an engraved inscription in Russian characters.

Perce, who had learned to read Russe in the mines, readily deciphered this inscription, which, in English, was as follows:

"To the Countess Anna Feodorovna Tolstoi, the imperial prima donna, from her friend and admirer, Catherine, Empress of all the Russias."

Perce did not pause at the moment to reflect how Empress Antoinette's ear would have remembered that such was the name of none the rightful heir of the Russian throne, who, imprisoned by Elizabeth the Empress, escaped to the mines, and was sent to Siberia on an infant, was murdered in 1796 in the Castle of Schusselburg. Speculations at the command of the Empress Catherine II., who feared the young prince might be placed upon that throne which she, Catherine, had gained by murdering her husband, Peter III., in 1762.

These historical facts did not occur to the mind of Perce, as he read the above inscription. Having read it, he turned the miniature over in his hand and looked at the face.

It was a face of rare beauty, and caused Perce to a wild and dreamy reflection, interrupted by the noises of the latter, the instant little Harry had looked at the face of the miniature, that he fled into the hut forthwith, with marvelous speed for an old a negro.

No sooner had the gaze of Perce become fixed upon the picture, than he uttered a cry of surprise and delight, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Angeline! Angeline! Angeline!" and began to hop and dance like a monkey, pressing the miniature to his heart, to his lips, or holding it up toward the sky, and all the time uttering wild exclamations of the most rapturous joy and unbounded wonder.

Old Joan, who feared Perce had suddenly gone mad, came out of the hut and stood in a forbidden attitude in mortal terror, having gazed the inside of the hut, closed the door, and peeped between the boards of which the hut was built.

Do negroes dance clean mad?" thought the old negro. "What bite him? Something bite him, sure. Him no bite like dat—no bite like dat—a rabbit? But scorpion down he back, may be. How him dance! Him dance like he be mad. Is an angel? What he say? What he doin now? Done pot de minima-tion on a minute, so he no better mad. Him hear like he am sayin' prayer to de minimation. Him down, I reckon, I reckon I'll go see."

Then, to the great amazement of old Joan, and planted the miniature upon the ground, atop of a stump, just as a religious devotee would place the image of his saint upon a shrine, and knelt before it, as if in silent adoration.

The fall of a dead branch of a tree, caused a clatter and rustle among the dry leaves behind him, startled Perce from his devotional reverie, and he sprang to his feet in sudden alarm, and looked around him to see if the noise threatened anything it into his haven.

Having done this, he turned toward the lady in a moment, with his knee down, and, perceived to die ere he should give up his prize.

"I was a fool," he muttered, after a moment's survey of the woods around. "Don no become so frain might have expected that on that posture, with the miniature before him. Him no dare to come near me, for him shall be able to kill him as easy as shoot a bird, wet fear of interruption. Joan!" he added, in a loud voice.

"Dat me," replied, old Joan, opening the door on the hint, and putting on his head. "What matter dat, cappen?"

"Nothing, only that I am no captain, I will be captain no more," replied Perce, advancing toward the hut.

"I was a fool," he muttered all the same to old Joan, as he passed again.

"Dat what I reckon, old fool. Though I was a fool too, in permitting you to know me, said Perce, finally, "and I mind to make you pay for your silence with your life."

"Me no say, Massa—I mean—Massa—I mean—Jack! Spar de ole man, Massa Jack, fallen on his knees, and clasping Perce's legs imploringly at him. "De Joan say nuffin to you; as he done no to Joan, so he no to Jack!"

"For the life of the negro hung upon a hair, as it were, but finally Perce said, "Joan, swearing your—"

"I will spare you, for I believe you will not break your oath and besides, I may need your services. But remember, if you are found unfaithful to me, I will be as unrelenting as fate itself. Now, Joan, I command you to follow me to the hut, and to help me to carry the miniatures. I am going to the city. Take care of my property and look sealed to your life."

Then then sheathed his knife, and left old Joan to his reflections.

The one-eye was impatient to find a spot where he should have no fear of interruption in the examination of the jewels upon the miniature of that which had so suddenly fallen into his possession—the lifelike and perfect semblance of her whom, in his heart, for twelve years, he had called his adored Angeline.

His whole frame quivered with a kind of ecstasy, as he held the miniature in the position described in the hot palm of his great and powerful hand, and his eye glowed like a live coal as he drank in the features of the beautiful woman, as he moved rapidly in the direction of the spot he had in view.

It was a lonely spot, about midway between the hut in the woods and the road to the city, and laid in the rear of the Vartelle gardens and grounds, and was the same spot in which Perce had stood after that had knelt to pray for Angeline. He had sought for its quiet because he had seen a dozen persons or more enter when he chanced to be near it, twenty years before. It was an island of beautiful grass in a sea of huge expressed wiry, only long enough to be a soft carpet to every foot—a spot of soft verdure, shaded by the branches of the trees between the Vartelle grounds and the hut in the woods.

Half an hour's march at a striding pace carried Perce to this oasis of the wilderness. It was a perfectly level area about fifty yards in diameter, and entirely inclose, with the growth upon it but short and densely grown as to form a soft carpet for the feet. The velvet carpet of the deposit of grass, forming a hundred feet long from the tall giants of the swamp forest which stood in gloomy grandeur around this verdant circle, and looked down made by Nature's hand, amid the trunks and stately trees, and their shadowy arborings of mosses and creepers and vine foliage, led out into the gloomy depths and recesses of the swamp on every side.

Perce was not poet enough to note the mysterious beauties of the unseen secrets of the swamp.

As Perce emerged upon this spot from a mass of undergrowth all save at the point, a white crane rose like a shouted spectre, swift and silent, and flew away; and a single deer that had been feeding on the grass, bounded away with a sharp sniff of surprise, and the human intrusion upon a spot rarely visited by man.

Here, unmolested Perce, as he advanced to the centre of the spot, and threw himself upon the soft grass, "here I can speak at home and secure—all day if I like—in gazing at her face. Here, in the heart of the swamp, alone with Angeline, as it were—as my imagination shall frame my thoughts—alone with her! with my adored Angeline—at last with the portrait in the picture of my lost Angeline!"

Lying upon his breast, he placed the miniature upon the grass, and supporting his head with the palms of both hands, and his elbows resting upon the ground, he abandoned himself to reveries over the picture.

As his enraptured eyes studied the beauteous lineaments so carefully depicted by some consciously skilled artist, he did but fail to detect that the face wore a more joyous and far more youthful expression than the face of Angelique as he remembered that glorious face.

He saw younger when this was painted." he reflected, "than when I met her in Napoleonski's cottage—much younger. She seems but fifteen or sixteen years old in this miniature. She must have been more than twenty when I saw her in Napoleonski's cottage, yonder in Sun Domingo. There is nothing but love and joy in the face of this girl. Ah, if I had known her then as I do now, as well as beauty in the face of the woman, I might have seen in it only a premonition of my happiness, and by no man whom image, as I remembered it, I have adored for a twelve-year image, now grown to a sixteen years old. Ah, Angeline! Angeline! Angeline!"

And he sat and gazed upon the face of Angeline, bending over him, after creeping upon him like a serpent, unheard and unseen.

And now for a fact passed between Sancho Perce, the descendant of Ferdinand Duc, and Perce, the son of the grandson of Madame Victorville.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHAWLS AND SWEETHEARTS.

BY FRANCES PENHAM RADER.

"Dear me! I never was so puzzled in my life," Harry Lee declared, as he threw down the gazette. "Amanda cannot decide any better than I. Two days ago I thought everything could be more elegant than this out. Yesterday I was not so sure about it, and now, on my keeping it, became the exquisite dressmaker has arranged it, I am in a state of perfect delight. Such a shawl! Such a shawl! Why she cannot say which she admires the most. Nor can I, and I—I, Harry Lee, am not ashamed of myself! I am sure Mr. Goodman will think I have gone crazy, positively crazy. I've exchanged first one for the other, I don't know how many times, and now I have them both here, I am just as much undecided as ever."

Harry Lee actually looked the picture of nearly perplexed look as she turned her eyes appealingly upon Mr. Goodman.

"Oh, Nellie, love, do clear your brow! You are not just the case of a maiden in her teens, mated, instead of the purchase of a lace shawl, which, by the way, is very pretty, I think."

The ball ball sounding just then caused a pause in the conversation, which was resumed after the servant entered, presenting a card.

"Mr. Goodman, sir," she said.

"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. I think their coming opportune. Listen now, Harry, for a bere, and get their opinion too. They have no interest in shawls."

Mr. Goodman's entrance at this time prevented wisdom enough to decide the weighty matter. They were soon seated, and the lady who hastened to her friends.

Mr. Goodman and Mrs. Nelson returned with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. After a cordial greeting Harry entered into a humorous description of his wife's and mother-in-law's perplexity concerning the shawls.

"Harry, dear, don't be so silly," said Mrs. Harry's account of the frequent resolving and dissolving of the shawls, and the animated conversation between Mr. Goodman and his self-styled sweetheart, Nellie, "I have the decorum for her to bear very sensibly, she exclaimed, in a pretty pout.

"Thank you, Nelson, we will go up into the parlor, and you can bring the shawls with you," and Mrs. Goodman left the room, followed by the others.

"Now, Mr. Nelson, I will go up into the parlor, and you can bring the shawls with you," and Mrs. Goodman left the room, followed by the others.

"Now, Nellie, I humbly crave pardon. I could not help indulging in my ruling propensity. I should have been a fool, I know, to subject. Call mamma, and then we will entertain you with the shawls. I am anxious for a peep at them myself."

"I know very well you are almost dying to say a word against the shawls, Harry," said the small, without calling in all his relatives, congenial and friends to assist him in the choice, with a rueful countenance, giving Harry a little shake.

"Well, dear, you have said it for me. I will not say a word. Now, Nellie, I will go and call Mr. Nelson to the purchase of a pair of boots. Excuse me, Mrs. Nelson, I will be back in a moment."

"Oh, indeed, Harry, you are too provoking."

Terror mind, Mrs. Morton. I'm going to tell Harry a little story, to prove a man does not always make a selection even of a wife without consulting some friend—perhaps a dozen."

"Why, you do not mean to say a man, or Harry, would marry a woman he did not love best, do you?"

Indeed I do, Morton. Now, Mrs. Morton, if you will call your mother, I will proceed."

"Nellie's mother soon joined them, and Mr. Nelson began:

"My dear wife will tell her, Cleghie, her self, that I declared this out of the question. I was not ready to marry, and had positively declared him a confirmed old bachelor, with no tender feelings for the fair sex, further than in his youth he had loved and been disappointed. This was true in part. I had been betrothed to a lovely girl, who died a few weeks previous to the time set for our nuptial marriage. Charley remained true to her memory for many years, and I, too, for a time, would have remained faithful to her memory, accident thrown him in the way of one whose loveliness of face and form soon won my heart. His profession as a physician carried him to the cottage of a poor old lady, who was suffering from some chronic disease. Doctor Blanchie was a constant visitor for a few weeks, when suddenly his visits were seen sought only afford him temporary relief.

"Mrs. Blanchie, the old lady's daughter, I never conceived a warm regard for the doctor, visiting, serving, administering to the sick sleeper friendship. There it was Charley met her, and, as I said before, I was not ready to marry, and Charley was not. He was truly beautiful and charming in every way, but he had no wealth to offer her, and I was younger.

"About a year after, Doctor Barnard having visited them daily during the time, their father died, leaving Ida and Jessie on the hands of his friend.

"Of course family, mother and daughters, visited the cottage, and remained in it, and established the doctor upon all branches of practice, and Charley and Ida were married.

"Up to this time, whether the doctor had any feelings for the young girl or not, I do not, but rumor declared that May was his choice, and ran with a speed.

"A younger brother, William Barnard, coming into practice by the gloomy side of the house, was introduced by the doctor to the family, and became a visitor. Will was a general favorite, which time only served to strengthen. Then

THE MAID OF JOHN'S CHOICE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

One of the proper age,
Of a good lineage,
Handsome by birthright,
Eyes brown or blue.

All grace in her motion,
A heart of devotion,
Sweet as a rose,
Noble and true.

Speech free, not bombastic;
Wit keen, not sarcastic;
A laugh that's elastic,
Health in the cheeks.

Trust unassumingly,
Hope that is humanly,
Pity that's womanly,
Love that is pure.

Such a maid my wish is,
Her love how desirous!
O, fate, be propitious
To my request.

No soft cajole, no flattery,
No girl-vain and airy,
No vision contrary,
My wife shall be.

I'd risk all the scenes,
No trouble I'd borrow;
I'd wed with the queens
The girl I love.

Love is a mystery,
Both the bad colleges
When love with love marries.
Looking above.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA L. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HESTER'S FLOT DEEPENING.

The morning air was mild and delightful; the sun was shining through the hazy mist that overhung the earth, and all nature in the pleasant valley on the wide plantation exhibited that which prevents the encroachments of the mighty Father of Waters on the low lands at the season of high water.

When it is hundred miles from the gale, Marion saw a tall woman walking in the road before his door; her head was covered and her hands clasped together, as if struggling with some inward grief, and she was advancing to the house in a hurried manner. A second glance showed her that it was Zelinde, and she was so much agitated that she paused to cause her to wait for her approach, she paused and called to her.

Zelinde turned at the sound, and rather reluctantly approached.

"Is anything wrong at home, that you look so unhappy and so much excited, Zelinde?"

"Nothing in particular, Mas'r Marion, but something's always goin' wrong with them as is poor, and I'm tired of it, and I wish I was dead and buried."

"Why, you are not in the habit of talking that way, and I'm sure that since you have been with me you have had no reason to complain."

"That's a matter that you don't know, Mas'r Marion, and I wouldn't be worried if I had. It's 'cause all the same, Mas. Oliver."

"Why, what is that? You must have misunderstood."

"No, I didn't, ma'am, as you'll soon find out. Miss Estelle an't no more like she used to be than she is like you, sir. She is as cross and sweeps down on me this morning with as sharp heart as cruelly as the hawk does a chicken. She don't want me because her ma owns me, she's goin' to send me and my boy away."

Zelinde then told Marion how glad she had no Gabe were to be sent to live with her and Mr. Marion's new Orleans. Marion was surprised, but soothed the poor creature as well as he could, and said:

"I shall certainly be the gainer if you decide to try and make you comfortable and contented in your own home. But whether are you going now?"

"Over to Hollow under the levee, where I always goes when I'm in trouble. The river seems to soothe me, Mas'r Marion, as I see it flowin' on an' on, ripplin' agin the stumps, an' rockin' me up by the roots. But I'll tell you that by-an-by, if it puts me on, my own shoulders, to tell you what's the matter with Miss Hester. She's stand up dark and ugly enough, but the water rushes at 'em, foams up a little, an' then goes on as smooth as before. So I'll be with me, I s'pose, if I will only have faith to believe that God doesn't forget his dark children, though the sin of them that went after you has laid such a heavy burden on them."

Mr. Oliver was deeply touched by the woman's words, and went back to the house determined to have a talk with his wife after taking off his and about, and then went to Hester's door and rapped for admittance.

She heard the request with better writing and would have retired, but Hester said, with a faint smile:

"Sit down, if you please, Marion, for I am weary of sitting, and thinking of thinking on painful subjects. I have just written to Mrs. Ryan, begging her to bring her self and her children to me for a visit, for that did not rest with me before. I regret that I did not visit her when I was at Natchez, and must make up for it now. I have neglected so much to learn, I would have to begin my father's wishes, and to be near to her. It is hard that I must bear a life-long penance, when my tender regard for his memory made me tenacious of the dying injunctions of my only parent."

Since you did what you thought for the best, Hester, and I am sure you have no reason to be unkind to myself for what has happened to Mrs. Murray. She was in a position that she would have sought and the change she made is happy one, for she was prepared to enter the Father's kingdom."

"Yes, she was a good Christian woman, and her affection for Clarice and myself was the only tie that bound her to life. Let us speak no more of her, for the very thought of what she has happened oppresses me. Tell me something of the wife and child that you have left, and walking. What has the old rea seek you look as if you have something to tell me, good?"

"I took a long walk, but I saw no one as I went quite plantation laborers. As I returned, I met Julienne looking very much depressed, and I have nothing to say, it is of no importance."

A sudden look of anger came into Hester's eyes, and she said sharply and quickly:

"She she dared to make a complaint to you? I will not suppose that she did, for it would only be on a par with the rest of her impertinence. I'll tell you why I send her away."

She was now speaking in a rapid and excited tone, assumed for a purpose of her own, and her companion regarded her with a surprise which deepened into horror when Hester, with her eyes flashing, and her voice piercing, Mr. Louisa I was wife, and she said:

"This is terrible. Are you certain of it, Estelle? Such a thing should not be suppressed without proof."

The woman confessed it on her death-bed. How my father learned it, I need not tell you, but since that Julienne is a great favorite with me she was just enough not to visit her mother's cabin, and I was also constantly conscious. I cannot tell you how much every day who is so nearly related to you, Marion, and I say, am to be faithful to you, Marion, and I ask you, as a favor, to take her and her son away with you when you go, for I cannot trust them after giving a reason, and you can understand how much I should have from having that old hag brought up and talked over again."

I understand your feelings, and will write to Herbert, and let him know your wishes. Julienne shall not be disturbed without his concurrence, but I think he will be only too glad to secure such capable servants."

As soon as Mr. Oliver had left the room, Hester muttered:

"I have managed that well, and I shall soon be rid of all three of them, thank Heaven! That might to be work enough for one day, but I must write to Julian Marion, and give the finishing stroke to his hope, by apprising him of the previous marriage of the girl I so cleverly personate. It will be a sad blow to the poor wretch, but he will manage to live through it, I dare say. If he will only let me live without interference from him, I do not care what becomes of him, for I am tired to death of a blighted home—cross and yellow as a monkey' saw claim him for her own; but what will that be to me when I am the gay and brilliant wife of Raymond De Lorme? Nothing—less than nothing."

She drew the paper toward her, and wrote a clear account of the discovery of the secret marriage, which she averred had just been made by her in most unexpected manner. She described the false bottom to the box, and declared that she had not even suspected found when she felt assured that she had means that any attempt to make good his claims would be met and foiled by them both.

Hester did not express a single regret for the turn affairs had taken; she coolly stated facts, and left Marion to draw his own inferences from them. She referred to her early attachment for Julian, and the cruelty of his cause for her willingness to accept the position of his wife, and concluded by saying that as her future happiness she affected to believe that he thought of that before his own, and assured that he would consult himself to that which was now inevitable, and not compromise her name by attempting to put forward his claims.

The letter was a very labored production, and she was far from satisfied with it herself, but it was the best she could do, and as it conferred, she would not kindle hopes which she could not now realize.

Leaving Zelinde with no inquiries on her mission, she dashed off the following lines to her mother:

"DEAREST:—When you read this—when you have heard from Julian Marion—you will, in all respects, the terrible position in which I am placed—but I will not dwell upon it, for I know that for any of me was but to confirm your worst fears. I know how unselfishly Julian loves me, and I know that he will not desert me, even at the sacrifice of his own hopes. I rely on you to help me to keep him true to his allegiance to me. I will not tell you how I have succeeded in that of you. To you, I will still be your child in affection and gratitude, but circumstances will not have you with me after my union with Raymond De Lorme.

I shall insist on travelling for a time, and ever since then, I will seek you out as a companion and friend. Under no circumstances will I ever recognize you, for you have changed much since I left you, and I am sure that you will be glad to be free, and a very little of you, as our meetings were most. We are to go immediately to Europe, and there are to go out for exercise.

"Be sure that you remember every difficulty, for I could not live and endure it if you failed me.

"The large sum I have transferred to my husband will be given to me by him at the time of her death. If he has any consideration for me, he will not refuse it, and I shall be in a position to perfectly legal, and I can rely on his honor and loyalty to me by doing so. Otherwise I shall be in a position to force him to compliance by a mere of himself and his disappointment than of me. Be sure that you remember.

"I rely on you, dearest mother, for this reason, and make him see her impossible it is for me to succeed in my plans without your aid and advice.

"Things here have gone well with me. I have been accepted in good faith as the person I assume to be, and I have even had the honor to be kissed and wept over by the old gentleman-in-law. I shook with laughter while the farce was being performed, but I am sure that I was entirely tenuous, for I have since been treated with as much as the appointed to be. I saw my father laid beside my mother in the vault where they had put all of his treasure against their children and his was the only coffin that was opened there.

"Mr. Marion has left for Orleans, and I am certain that he cannot be with us for three months at least. Mr. Oliver has gone to the obstacle in my path, before our public approach to the altar, and I am sure that he will be out of it.

Act on my suggestion, and you will have no effort to bring about a reunion between you and your husband. After all we have done, you cannot expect ability to accomplish the rest.

"Raymond De Lorme does not doubt my devotion to him, and my fidelity to you, dearest, for you to my side, and keep you ever near me.

"Yours, HESTER."

Hester read over this performance, and was satisfied with it, and then sealed it and addressed it to Mrs. Ryan.

"The how I have held out to her will satisfy her for the present, and I must trust to time for my benefit. Why should I shrink from the sacrifice of that despicable wretch, if it is necessary to the security of my future position, for I will not have it done, nay, positively, De Lorme only in name. He shall be mine truly and lawfully and afterward, even if circumstances cause, he could not repudiate my claims to my hand, and I should be free to retire from proclaiming to the world the deception that I have practiced upon him. That I love him does not set his mind at rest upon that point.

With this triumphant conviction, Hester closed her letter, and addressed it, and then she went then placed in a larger envelope, directed to the Baroness Carlotta Ryan, and left to be claimed by an agent of Macon's when they should call for it, which they were directed to their true destination.

Hester was now free to a strong paper, and further securing that lying will of her husband's, which she had so cleverly made to her own interests. She had no fear that Julienne would be terrible an accident really happen to her; and she felt that she could wait.

"No, no'm, it's not Miss Estelle, but the other one. Miss Orford, she's married, and her lady was asho at the North with her aunt. Miss Estelle's very lady, Miss Clarice's daughter."

"And she is the youth? He is sketched in so lightly that I cannot be certain as to his identity."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm sure that I can become about here lately, and that was a favorite with Miss Clarice, and I'm sure that Blake in her wishes, as her mother let her go with him every day. I'm sure that you must have known that no good could come from Miss Clarice's going with a servant of the west mad, and flew at the gal one day, so that I had to interfere to save her life, and I'm sure that Miss Clarice would have done that Blake was something wus than."

"Why, what was the matter?" asked Mistress, with a penetrating glance.

"Nothing that I could rightly tell, ma'am. I'd don't know myself certain, but there was strange talk 'mong the people on the place that Miss Clarice and Blake was to be married, and that Miss Estelle was to be left behind, and that she was to be left behind, and that she was to be left behind, and that she

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

IN THE CLOVER FIELDS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

The scent of her is rife in the air,
And to them the green lane grew,
And the breezy trees bowed every where
To the maiden they knew.
Then the woodpecker pensively,
And a lapwing's cry from the meadows,
And a thrush's note rings merry and free
From the depths of the hawkweed's shadows.

But a gloom is over the fair young flowers,
In beauty and maids are humbled,
And the sun is dim in the sky of June,
And night for a form that has vanished—
For her who was once my comrade sweet,
A phantom now of the olden,
When we wandered afar with idle feet,
And to some tell-otherwise were golden.

All nature seemed but the soft relief
Of a love which grew more tender and true—
A love which grew more tender or wan—
Always fair, sunshiny weather.
The lane, the bloom of the trees,
The sound of the rivulet fallen,
Were the haunts of our hearts, in unphished
Scenes,
Each to the other calling.

There is the nest where she loved to rest,
Where I took her with hands and pressed
Kisses,
The tree's still with wild flowers dressed,
And the rivulet's song is the same,
The little boat still sways in the bay,
But the spirit of the ripples only
Yonder whirls—my comrade, alas, is dream,
But silent and sad and lonely.

And there in the pool where, many a day,
For the pure pond lilies I waded;
And there is the bank where I stood
The lilies all later folded,
And this is the lane that passes below
To the farm-house in the hollow;
No matter how lonely it seemeth now,
Its secret I ever shall know.

For it skirts the church-yard, gray with age,
Where the dear one's form reposes,
The little boat still sways in the bay,
When my heart is sore remembered,
The grave of the spot is holy grass,
And here I say one day sacred,
Where tenderest memories and grief sincerest,
For body and heart and spirit.

PATTY'S PLOT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Love can reconcile the whole world, does he?" said Patty Pressel, shaking her brown tresses of hair over her pink cotton dress, and a knot of crumpled ribbon. "Oh, I dare say he can, if he only has the chance to try. "If he had not sort of thing before. Love must be an awful epidemic now-a-days. And all the world's a lottery; and I for one, don't want to draw a blank. O dear, dear! how I wish I could get into a man's heart! How I wish I had any means of ascertaining whether Ralph Perdry really cares for me, or whether he has heard of Uncle Hezekiah's great expectations! O dear me!" and Patty sighed a sigh deep enough to stir all the ringlets on her head, and to make even their fairest cousin at the mirror envious.

And then she jumped up, and went about her business.

Which chanced to be girl hunting just then. For Mrs. Maurice Pressel, Patty's cousin, was chronically in the sofa, so to speak, on the slenderest service question, and on Patty lay with the inside of every Intelligence office in town.

"It's a cook this time, is it, Susie?" said she.

"A cook," said Bessie. "O Patty, Patty, don't get married and go to housekeeping. It takes all the romance out of one, I do."

"I don't know but what you are right," Patty answered reflectively. And away she went to the Intelligence office.

"Cook wanted," was on the day, with the other dilapidated assistants of the kind. To minister who are always seeking situations, and who are the "Ministers Bought," "and them not." Patty looked round dubiously. She was accustomed to a physiognomist, and she did not exactly like the looks of the new material with which she was surrounded.

"I had better hide my time a little," she said. And she even also nestled into the corner of a settee, to wait with what patience she could.

"Unless she herself, the shrill piping voice of the matron, should make silence vocal.

"Yes—no—I'll—I'll go," said she. "No fat, no lean—that's my rule. Kitchen ain't a heaven—that's my rule. Waiters in town to be found. Any paying boarders? Yes, I'll go—what is know what kind of a housekeeper Rachel Perkins is. Everybody is Darling's wife knows me. No followers, no ribbons, and no fashions."

I guess then, ma'am, you won't do for me," said she, with a sniff. "I'm all for followers and lots of beaux and a hand-head. I don't do without 'em, and I won't be a bad-pair nine and ten dollars barring a night."

Patty Pressel listened with mischievously sparkling eyes and cheeks. This Dinah was the counterpart Aunt Rachel, of whom Patty had often told her cousins, and whose sister she "lost house" all by herself, in the greatest fun of Rachel's absence, where the she lined the streets like green-kirtled sentinels, and every body went to bed at half-past nine o'clock.

Very sudden resolves will sometimes rush through our minds, defining express fashion, in a short spaces of time, and almost before the thrill noise of Miss Rachel's fashion tion had ceased to vibrate on the Patty. Pressel stood dignified and little courteous before her.

"If you please, ma'am, would *I* suit?"

Miss Rachel glared through her mourning veil, and then made the trim Miss Pressel a courtesy.

"Yes, child?" quoth she. "Why, you're such a chit or a thing!"

"I am nineteen, ma'am!"

"What's your name?"

"Patty Pressel," she answered.

Apparently the examination that followed was satisfactory to Miss Rachel Perkins, for she finally told Patty she would come and try" at seven dollars a month.

"I guess those fine clothes, ma'am!" said Patty, with drooping eyelids and hands folded.

"Yes; but be sure you meet me at the railroad station at four precisely."

Patty promised, and ran home to Mrs. Pressel.

"Who's my girl?" demanded the matron.

"I haven't got any, I'm a girl myself. Seven—and seven dollars a month, and—for followers?"

"Patty, what under the sun do you mean?" And Patty explained.

"Well, Bessie, dear—now don't, that's a darling, I'm Caliph Haroun Alraschid in disguise, that's all. It will be such fun. We'll buy gingham dress, and the little cap, and—O Patty, I'll be your debtor for life if you will! I would have altogether if I shouldn't meet Aunt Rachel at the station at four o'clock precisely."

What a change it was, from the swarming city streets, radiating habitations of human from every carbonize, to the cold Penrhyn house, where the sentinel trees stood in green canopy of shade, and the clover-pinks and the wild-roses grew in rich profusion along the borders. And Miss Rachel, "the new maid," settled into the grooves at once, as if she had lived all her life under Aunt Rachel's roof-tree.

"I believe I am going to like her," said Aunt Rachel. "But then, of course, a new face always cheers one; and I'm most afraid to believe in any one, since Keturah Smith experienced religion and then run away with my silver sugar-basin!"

"Yes, I'll take the room, is it?" said Maclin, with her hands in her ruffled pockets, as she stood regarding the apartment that had just been opened to be dusted and aired.

"Yes—this is my nephew's room," said the old lady. "He comes out once in a while, and I only keep it ready for him. I've no family of my own, you see, and Ralph seems to care for me."

"Dear me!" said Maclin, "what a lot of plenipotentiaries over the maids!"

Miss Rachel bristled.

"That saddle one—it looks a little bit like you, Marina, I declare—"

"Does it?" lisped Maclin innocently, as she looked into her own smiling, saucy face, under a fringe of crepe hair.

"It's by your aunt's sweetheart," went on her garrulous old—"the gal he loves the best, I mean, of course."

"Am they engaged?" Maclin asked, the trifolds rosea dying her cheek as she gently spoke.

"Well, no, not exactly. I guess she's rather lovely, but then, you see, I'm fond of own, you see; and there's Almira Playfair—she was the first cousin's edge of the clemency—"

"Love with the twisted nose?" inquisitively asked Maclin.

"Her nose may be a little to one side," severely commented Miss Rachel; "but handsome is that handsome does, and Almira has thirty thousand dollars in the bank."

"My!" cried Martha, opening her eyes very wide. "Thirty thousand dollars! I guess I should think Mr. Ralph would marry her at once."

"So he ought," said Miss Rachel, rubbing

her spectacle glasses vehemently. "She'd have him in a minute—so all the neighbors say. But I just guess Ralph will have a thing little Peruvian girl. So I'll rather vote for Almira, myself. Ralph is my heir, you know, and I've a right to my likings."

"I suppose so," said Martha, "what a lot of plenipotentiaries over the maids!"

Miss Rachel bristled.

"That saddle one—it looks a little bit like you, Marina, I declare—"

"Does it?" lisped Martha